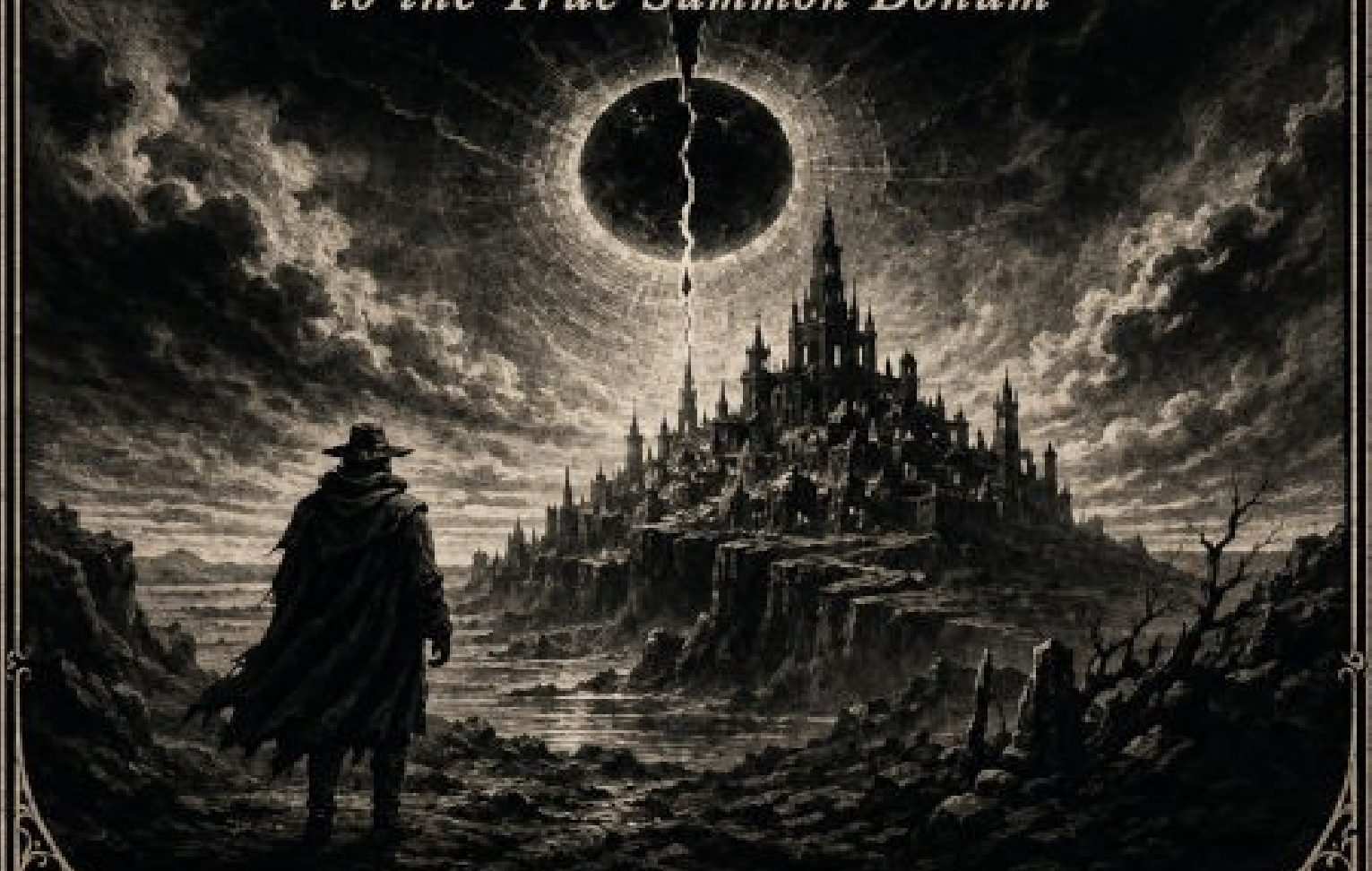
A Rending of the Illuminated Umbra

An Epistle on a Journey to the True Summon Bonum



M. J. WILKES

The Wanderer
awakens;

The Hermit
retrieves his staff;

Thou
Lusty Devil,

The wastes;

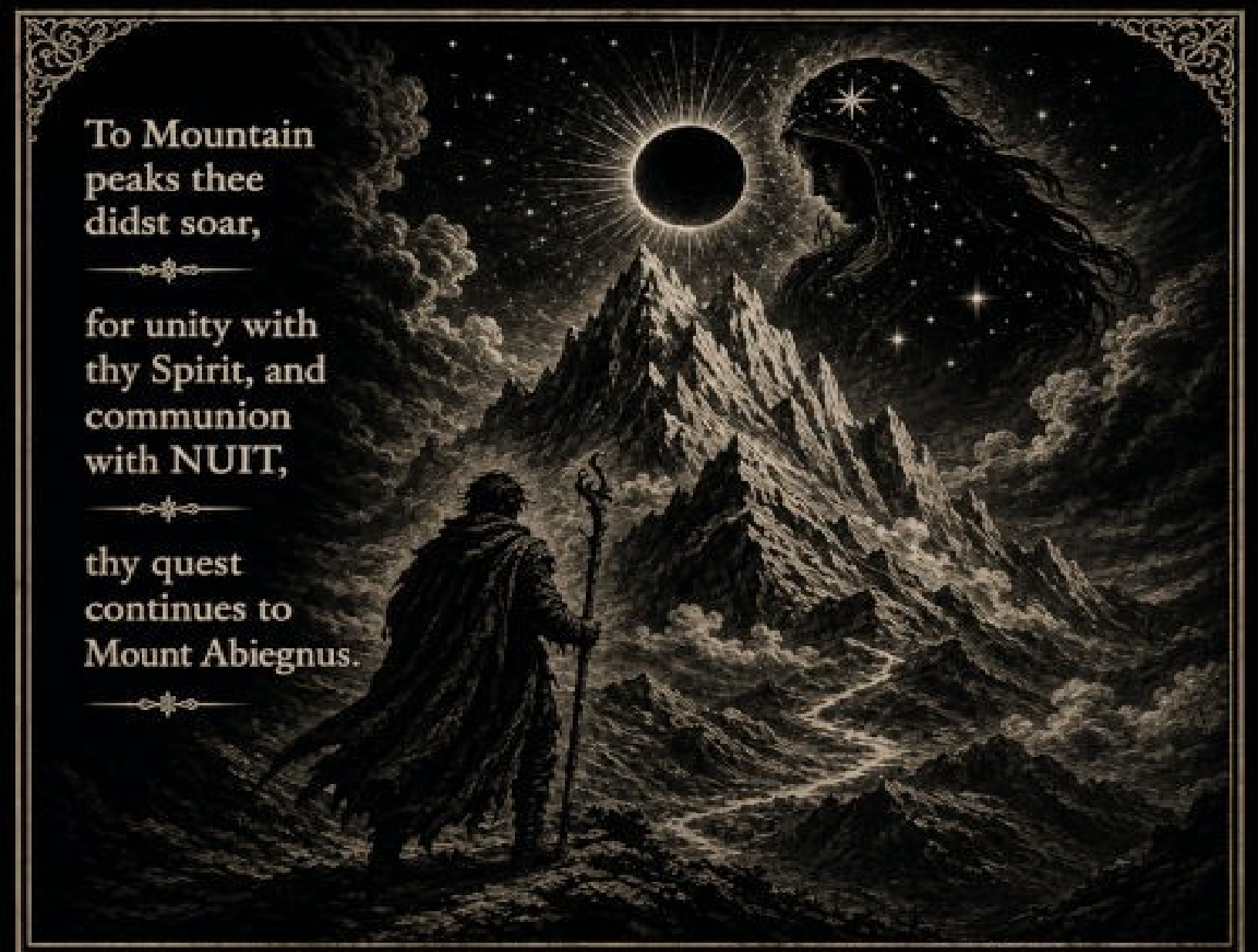
His pleasures
to create.

Astride
thy Dragon King;

Wolf and Raven
at thy sides;

A Warrior
King
Passes
through

The
wasteland
gates.


To Mountain
peaks thee
didst soar,
for unity with
thy Spirit, and
communion
with NUIT,
thy quest
continues to
Mount Abiegnus.

As night does wake,
the eternal snows looming
above, the invocation
is heard;
"To be One
with the Universe,
you must also be
one with the Earth".

A mountain ceremony, a night so clear, altered senses; the eternal Stars, the Spirits of Earth;

the eternal Stars,

the Spirits of Earth;

within, you join these two as one:

the third you become.

A man is seen with earth at his call; The night does darken, the creatures gather and howl,
under the stars, NUIT invoked.

The mind expands;
earthly veils now fall;
the ground dissolves,
the Stars abound.
Thou mountains
close in;
Thou Stars
expand.

Thy body dissipates
to Earth; Thy consciousness
does thy Angel embrace.
Man and Earth now one.
With a touch of
NUIT'S hand,
Earthly shells dissolve
with animalistic grace.

A new dawn through mountain peaks, a Warrior
astride a Dragon King, Wolf and Raven at his side,
soars on to the Sun; Through Ra's caresses.
A new day now shines, eternal plains
stretching far and wide.

The invocation
now echoes.

"To be One
with the Universe,
you must be
one with the air".

Within a golden circle upon clouds so white,
Sylphs do come and banshees too;
the Warrior now floats,
with Wolf and Raven at his side.

A glance to the right
shows the earth and road;
A glance to the left
the infinite Stars explode.

The mind still grows,
like the winds on Mount Meru,
the ground dissolves,
my will still so.

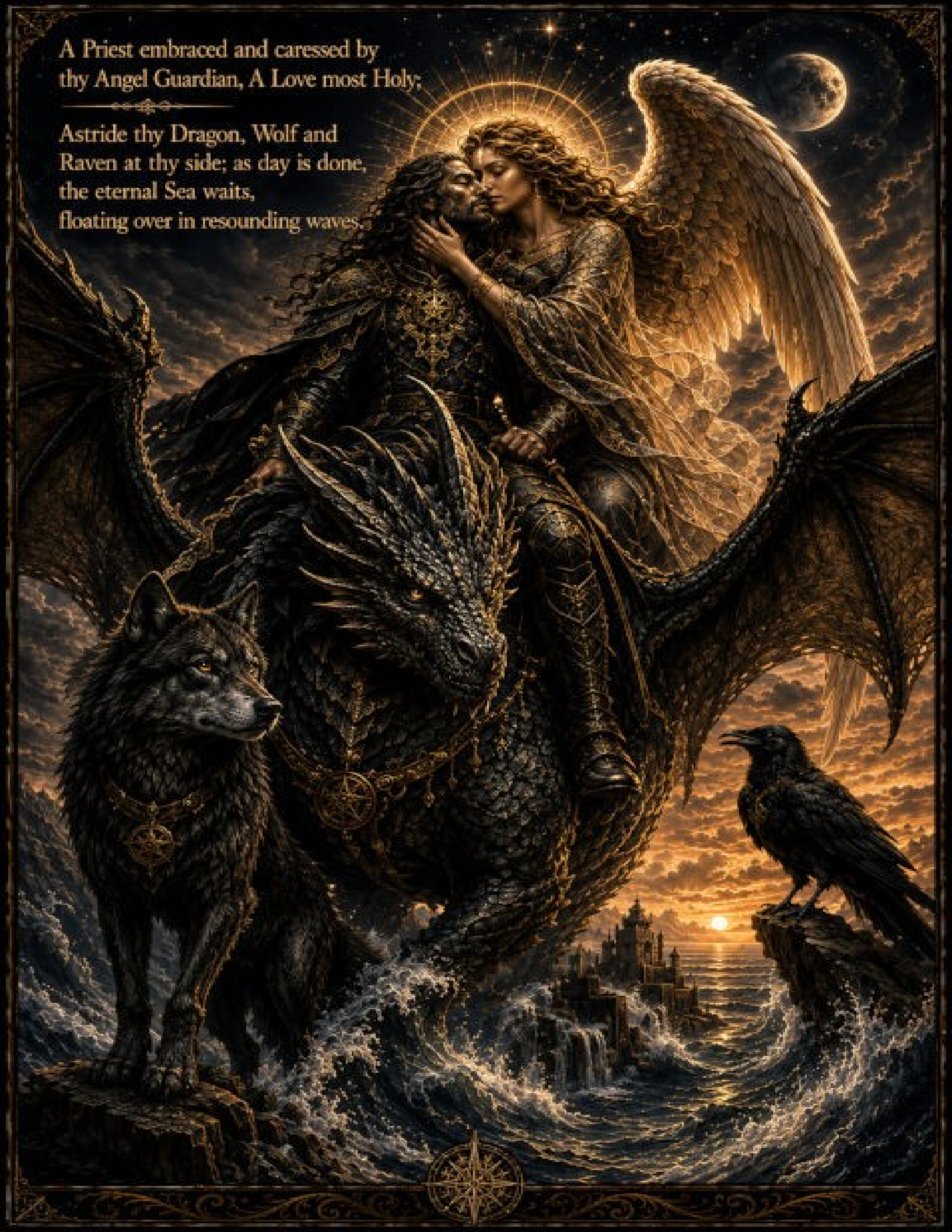
As the Warrior conquers air,
and joins with thy Angels above;
the winds of HELL gather,
to decimate thy Love.

With thunderous insane howlings the winds whirl and spin; tornadoes strip the earth; the mind looses its bindings.

As space descends
and air does disperse;
Thy Warrior with wing
of that dark Chaotic Dragon,
soars through aeon long days
as thy mind expands
and thy Angel caresses.

Love so pure as veils do fall,
insane you seem;
An Angel, an Ibis, and Thee
beside a rainbow, free.

A glance to the right;
the Earth and a different road appear
A glance to the left;
the infinite Stars explode.


A Priest embraced and caressed by
thy Angel Guardian, A Love most Holy;
Astride thy Dragon, Wolf and
Raven at thy side; as day is done,
the eternal Sea waits,
floating over in resounding waves.

Echoing invocations spoken most high;
"To be One with the Universe,
you must be one with the water."

Propelled by forces too subtle to be seen,
through ambiotic fluids so black
in a circle of eddying waves the Priest
conjures the Concealad.

The mind dissolves as roar is felt,
of the insane laughter of a
million million Ones.

And Undines dance, and Starfish toss in the eternal Sea, Earth long gone, the Priest does float; nestled in the blackened fertilized womb.

With thy Angelic kisses;
like the flutterings of
hot, moist, gossamer butterfly wings,
the mind expands as the water is won.

Archangels acknowledge Thee, reason dissolves, .
insane you seem to those too lowly to see the
Eternal Tree.

A glance to the right:
hills and trees, a Priest
with Wolf and Raven
at his side, plodding
down a road through
thunderous, blinding
storms.
A glance to the left:
the infinite Stars
explode.

A flame burst forth through
a blackened night;
a Magician soars across
the azure heights,
Wolf and Raven at his side,
a Dragon within.

As the fire now burns,
within the flames do rise;
ancient echoes are heard.
"To be One with the Universe,
you must be one with the fire".

With flaming hair, burning wand,
reddened knuckles,
the Magician conjures and chants,
Salamanders now come,
and forests burn too.

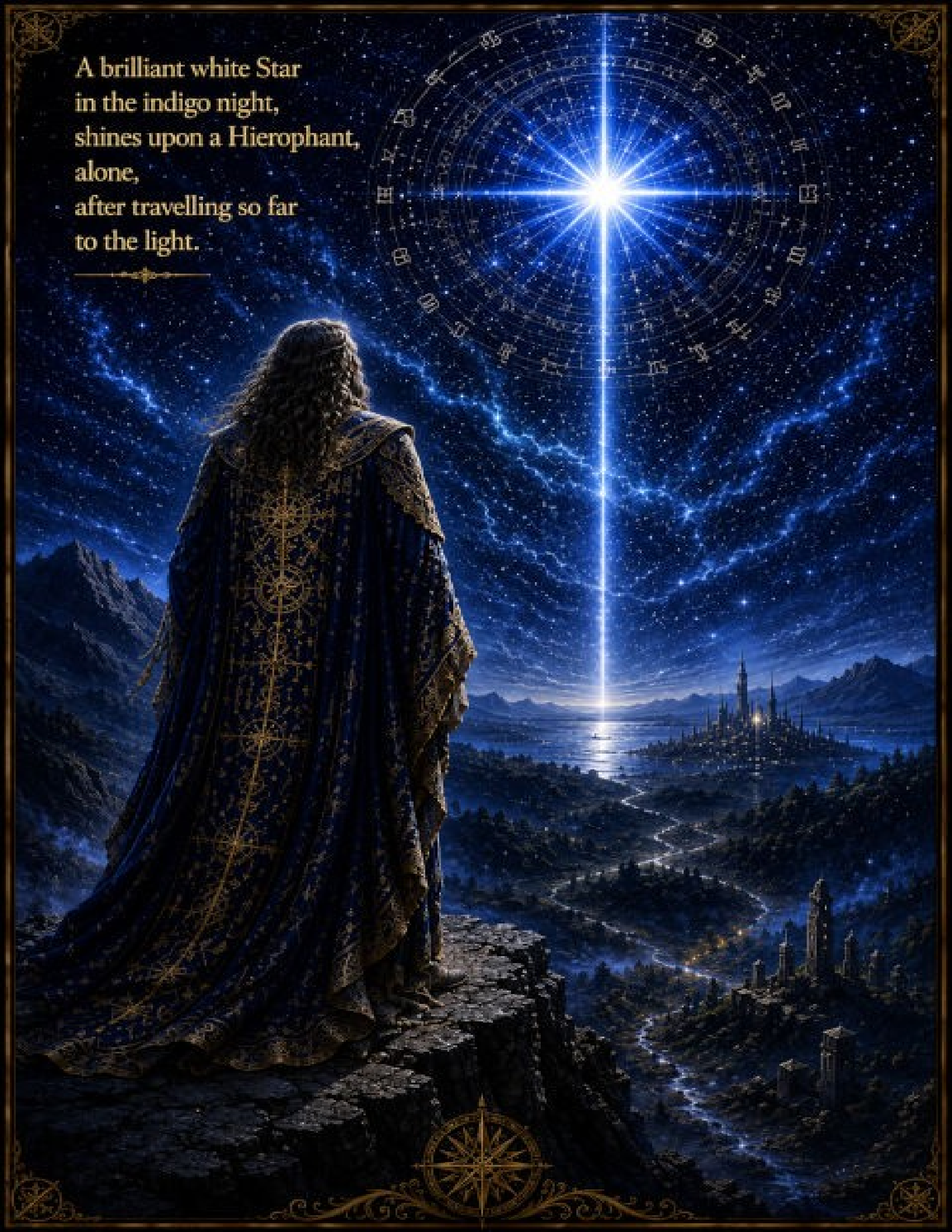
The Qidash Fire flares,
all creating, all destroying,
burning veils, the mind expands,
insanity a cooling light.

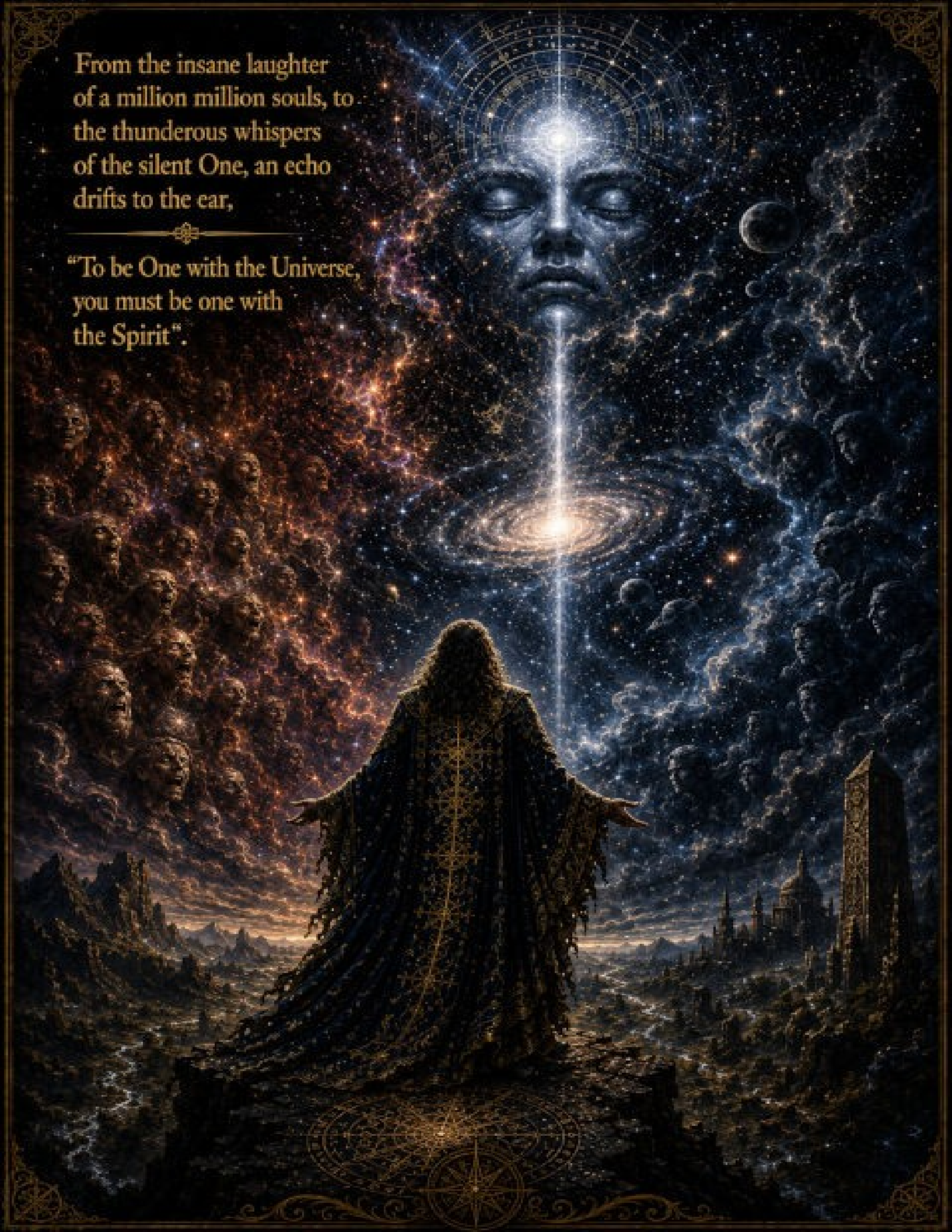
Ignited by thy Angel within,
Thy Serpent fire rises
caressed by Thy Love,
my lovely Daemon.

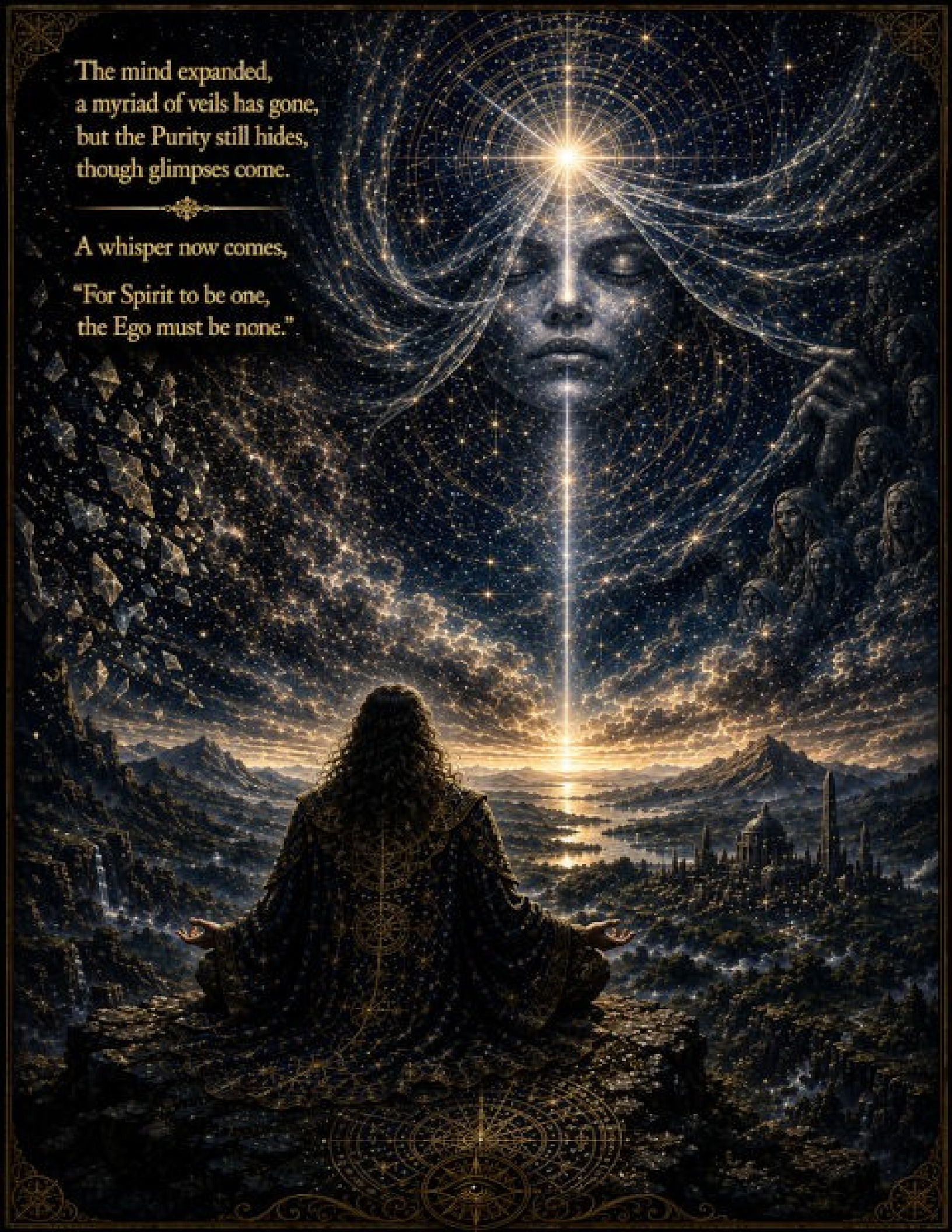
And the Gods do see,
the Magician's light is one,
shining through organic Chaos
to what is Willed to be.
But what Will?

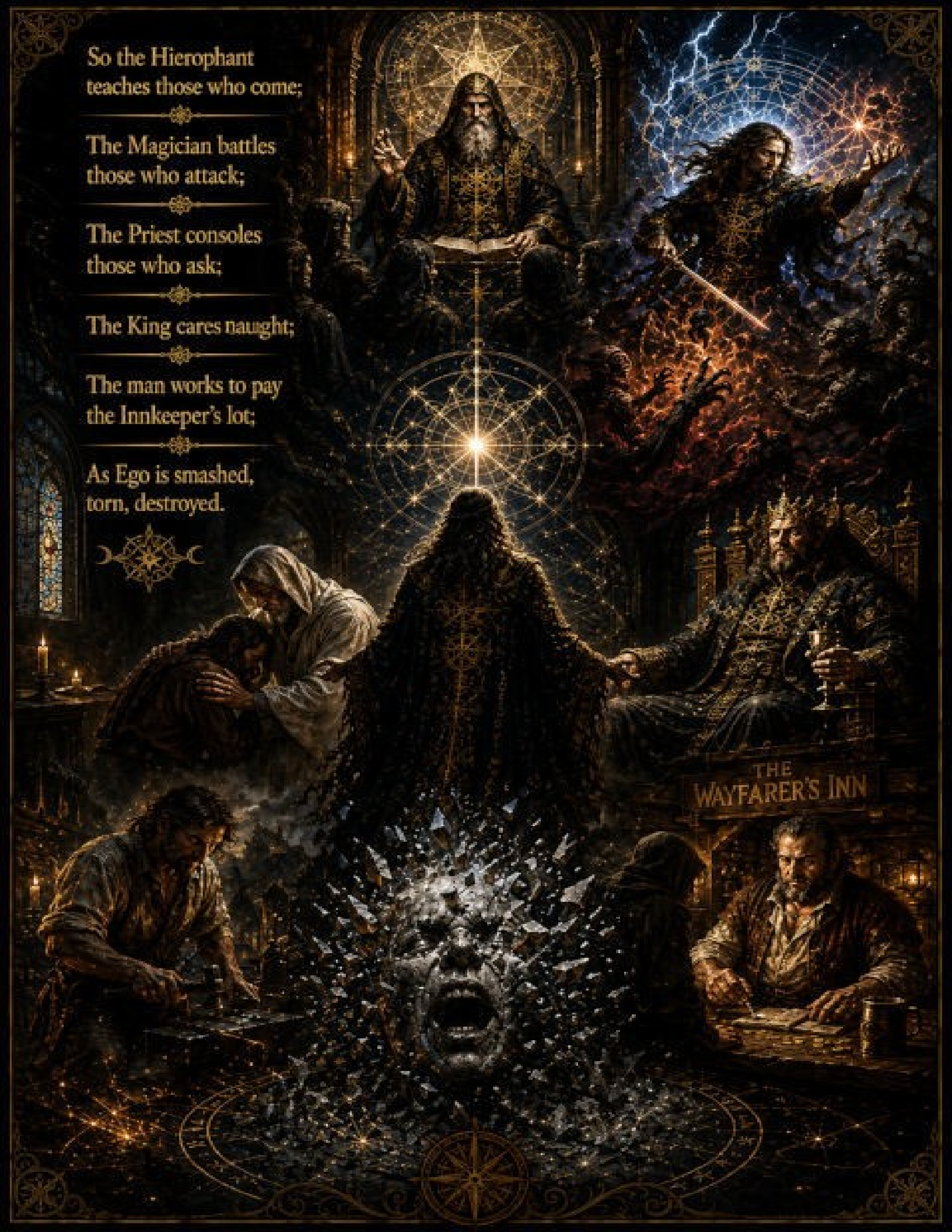
Now that all physical, emotional,
intellect and reason
are burnt up in that one:
Holy, ferocious Fire,
Thy Fire Qadash.

A glance to the right:
a new land, a new home.
A glance to the left:
The infinite Stars explode.


A brilliant white Star
in the indigo night,
shines upon a Hierophant,
alone,
after travelling so far
to the light.


From the insane laughter
of a million million souls, to
the thunderous whispers
of the silent One, an echo
drifts to the ear,
"To be One with the Universe,
you must be one with
the Spirit".


The mind expanded,
a myriad of veils has gone,
but the Purity still hides,
though glimpses come.
A whisper now comes,
"For Spirit to be one,
the Ego must be none."


So the Hierophant
teaches those who come;
The Magician battles
those who attack;
The Priest consoles
those who ask;
The King cares naught;
The man works to pay
the Innkeeper's lot;
As Ego is smashed,
torn, destroyed.
THE
WAYFARER'S INN

Thy terrible God laughs,
Thy hideous God sneers,
the invocations go on, the
chants are sung, the veils
are smoked,
the Ego dissolves.

The mind's expanse, flung
far and wide to the
abyssal depths, entreats
of NUIT; the skin dissolves,
organs and muscles rot, pure
bones you are, so all you gave
the Gods still laugh and hide;
yet you fly, propelled by the
Love of your Angel most high.

Still you push, through
rendered veils
With Love so pure;
my god, my Angel,
my Demon;
A Reading of the
Illuminated Umbra
bones turn to dust,
a spark appears,
soaring into the
eternal
dusk.

The grip is loosened,
the mind dissolves,
the dust is mixed with
eternal sands;
the snake does rise,
its hood is spread.

"Welcome" it says, "I
know where you wish to go.
A fair fight you fought,
a long way you've come,
all you gave, all you've
almost destroyed.
All you have learned,
gave all that matters".
but the Serpent
does hiss,
One is left,
gone it must go,
the Spirit must not
be left".

A speck reforms;
back you come,
propelled by a God
so terrible,
a Love so
immeasurable;
all you gave, all
it seems you lost.

Through
suffocating sadness,
chanting Angels sing
and screaming
Banshees play;
a spark in
nothingness
shows what matters,
that the
No-thing matters.

For Love so pure
and crowning rays,
the man continues on,
not quite right,
yet not quite left.
NOT QUITE RIGHT
YET NOT QUITE LEFT

A glance
to the left;
the World is
known.
A glance
to the right;
The infinite
Stars explode.